Three Score and Then Some

Brian Swann

Follow this and additional works at: http://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.5668
Panicked, I split. He one way,  
I another. I come upon him  
huddled in the woods, an echo  
repeating no sound, catching  
his breath. I pull him to his feet.  
Let’s go, I say. Look on the  
bright side. Miles to go. We  
pick up branches and pile them  
on each other. We laugh, making  
rocks sway, take on shapes  
like in the old days. A few more  
turns round the field and the sun  
shoots up head-high, squawking  
and creaking. Everything’s flashing,  
so we go on, collecting, two birds  
hell-bent with rain starting to form  
other beings that dovetail ours  
with incompletions and fragments  
beginning to relax into themselves,  
each drop a spark leavening itself  
big enough for us to wander through  
as if for ever. And there we go,  
haunted by ourselves, clearing the air,  
floating through windows, limber,  
roots wide as ships, on roads that  
wander over and through the air  
about us, glossy, dethroned, joyful  
in our own funeral, split like an atom,  
unmapped, bright, companionable and cold.